



big chorus of girls and the usual complement of funny men is billed for this show, which comes to the Theater Wednesday and Thursday with a special Thursday matinee.

The big attraction following "Dream City" will be Francis Wilson's production of "When Knights Were Bold." Everyone familiar with New York successes knows how big a feature Mr. Wilson has secured in Mr. Wilson, and the popular comedian ought to have a royal welcome.

The University Dramatic club, which holds the boards at the Theater next Friday and Saturday evening, is taking an ambitious step in presenting Bernard Shaw's "You Can Never Tell." This play, rendered notable in New York by Arnold Daly, has never been produced in the west all now, and the club was taxed a stiff royalty for the privilege of rendering it. Miss Babcock has taken unusual care in working up this presentation, and after hav-

Among the members of last year's cast are Miss Hazel Barnes and R. W. Young, Jr. Miss Lois Roberts, daughter of Hon. B. H. Roberts, is leading lady, while the others participating are Miss Charlotte Stewart, Miss Georgia Young, Mr. D. W. Cummings, Mr. W. B. Tolman, Mr. Frank E. Holman and Mr. Benj. H. Howells.

Letters from Ned Royle to his family, written a few weeks ago from the south of Italy, state that Mrs. Royle and the two children met him there after a pleasant voyage from New York. Mr. Royle has left his "Squaw Man" running along smoothly and prosperously in London, and he and Mrs. Royle are quietly resting on one of the islands in the Mediterranean, where he expects to get rid of some accumulated literary work that the hospitalities of London rendered it impossible to do there.

The success of "The Squaw Man" on this side of the water also continues uninterrupted, and Mr. Faversham is



MAY BOLEY.

At the Orpheum Next Week.

awe compelling sort will take its place at the Orpheum next week when Mr. Theodore Lorch and Miss Cecil Fay, supported by a large company of players, will present Charles E. Blaney's latest military drama, entitled "A Child of the Regiment." The play will be one of the biggest scenic productions of the season, as special productions have been prepared for every scene; new electric effects will add to the realism of different acts.

Mr. Lorch will be seen in the character of Private Tom Hadley, a role that will give him a fine opportunity for the exercise of his ability, while Miss Cecil Fay will be seen as "Willie Nell," the adopted child of the regiment.

"The Jolly Musketeers," the well known two-act comic opera, is the offering at the Lyric for the coming week, commencing Monday evening and with matinees Wednesday and Saturday afternoon. In many large cities it was voted the best thing in the Zinn repertoire, which is saying a great deal for "The Jolly Musketeers."

There are 30 persons in the cast—mostly girls—headed by Mortimer and West, and including the dainty, dancing maid who constitute the sweet sixteen girl chorus.

"The Jolly Musketeers" brims over with mirth and music, and its people are handsomely gowned soldiers, dukes, lords and all the familiar persons of story books.

THEATER GOSSIP

"Way Down East" is to open in London on April 18, at the Aldwych theater, with the original cast and in Harvay. He very nearly sailed last week to complete arrangements for the opening.

The German version of J. M. Barrie's "Little Minister" was produced at the Imperial Burg theater in Vienna last Monday night. It met with an excellent reception, and apparently was a great success.

The oldest working actor upon the London stage is said to be Mr. Frederick Wright. He is 82 years old and is still playing nightly in support of Mr. J. Harvay. He very nearly sailed in the rated ship London, with G. V. Brooke, with whom he had accepted an engagement. But before the vessel sailed he had a more promising offer and declined to sail. To this change of plan he probably owes his life.

In the drama of human life all are actors, and no one knows his part. In this great play the scenes are shifted by unknown forces, and the commencement, plot and end are still unknown—are still unguessed. One by one the players leave the stage and others take their places. There is no pause—the play goes on. No

prompter's voice is heard and no one has the slightest clue to what the next scene is to be.

Will this great drama have an end? Will the curtain fall at last? Will it rise again upon some other stage? Reason says perhaps, and Hope still whispers yes.—From Igersoll's tribute to Barrett.

Government wishes the theater to be at once useful and moral, and an entertaining establishment. You are, therefore, to refrain from bringing forward such pieces as are only remarkable for their obscenity, or the indecent wit they contain; such in which the wretched authors wish to substitute libelism for dramatic genius. Select, as much as possible, the ancient and modern productions which are played at the French theater and in the Theater Louvois. Hold in high contempt all the rhapsodies of the inferior theaters of the capital. With respect to the opera and ballets, you are to reject all such as in any manner can wound delicacy and good manners.—From a decree addressed by Napoleon.

Another old New York landmark, sacred to the memory of a hundred famous actors and a thousand less distinguished chorus girls, is soon to be destroyed. Reference is made to the Barrington, a hotel standing on Broadway, between Forty-third and Forty-fourth streets, and generously patronized by theatrical folk. The Barrington ends its career on May 1. After considerable overhauling and repairs, the structure will be turned into an office building with small stores underneath. On this site Gen. Putnam of revolutionary glory once fought a battle, and more recent history records that in the immediate vicinity contests quite as exciting, if not so significant, have been waged nightly.

The coming theatrical week, says the New York Post, will not be rich in novelties. Mr. E. H. Sothern will divide it between his "Lord Dundreary" and "If I Were King," which just now seem to be the two most popular pieces in his repertoire. On Monday week he will make his promised production of Paul Kester's "Don Quixote," which is in four acts and is said to contain all the principal incidents and as much as practicable of the actual dialogue of the book. It is not surprising that Mr. Sothern, who has established some claim to the title of "tragicomic comedian," should be desirous of trying his fortune in the part of the knight of the fortune countenance, an eminently picturesque and humorous figure. It is not easy to convey the atmosphere of the story from the book to the footlights, but Mr. Sothern was partly successful in the attempt, and Mr. P. L. Benoit, judging from printed English reports, has not altogether failed in it. Mr. Sothern's effort will be awaited with interest and curiosity.

Wise Words from Nat Goodwin

ACTING is a joke today, and the stage nothing but a big business enterprise, says Nat Goodwin in a recent interview. I understand that Otis Skinner has put himself on record as saying that the old-time actor wouldn't be tolerated today. That's a strange statement for anyone to make. For years Mr. Skinner has been knocking at New York's gate, and now that he has got through at last he becomes impudent. He had evidently forgotten a few actors who would be "tolerated" today if they were still on earth. Take Garrick and Keary; I guess they were a couple of "stiffs." And to come along with a few more, has he forgotten Booth, Barrett, John McCullough, Charles Thorn, Charles Coghlan, James W. Wallack, Jefferson, John E. Owens and a lot of others? Does he imagine that they wouldn't be able to take themselves to the times? I'd like to take the portraits of 25 "old-timers" and line 'em up with the pictures of an equal number of present-day actors, and then let a committee of our intelligent theater-goers draw their own opinion. I don't think it would agree with Mr. Skinner's.

Now, I'm a fairly good comedian, but I'm no more to be compared with John E. Owens, for instance, than Marshall P. Wilder is to be compared with me. Where we once had actors we have personalities. The theater no longer deals in art. It's a business house, run on strictly business principles. It is controlled by speculators. If an author in France or in England happens to write a good play, one of those speculators is sure to get a five years' option on his brain. It is not a matter of selection; it's a business scheme to corner the market. The actor has no opportunity to choose his play. He is obliged to take what the speculator gives him. The so-called manager regards him as a purely business proposition. The actor, too, has become a business man. The moment he writes a successful play he begins to think of royalties. He goes to the speculator and arranges terms for his future work, and the speculator is obliged to produce his work.

This is the author's carnival. What does he give in return for his profits? Well, I wish writers played for millions. He might write plays for men, if it were the fashion for men to wear carriages and corsets.

Thompson can still pack the Academy of Music with "The Old Homestead," and I believe Wardfield could do the same down there with "A Grand Army Man." Now I am best in a frock coat and a "dress suit," but I have the fatal gift of variety, and whenever an author sets out to write a play for me he seems to feel that he must make me not one thing, but a little bit of everything. He gives me a part that is a composite of everything I've ever played. Out on the road, as I said, they liked "The Easterner" and the company gave a good performance. But the moment we got within 100 miles of New York the company began to tremble with terror.

The chill of a New York first night is felt miles away. There is some excuse for this, for there is nearly always an uncanny feeling of loneliness between the audience and the actors on an opening night in New York. As a result a performance that has been keyed up all along is now keyed down. I never feel afraid—not even of iconoclastic gentlemen in front—but usually the members of my company are scared to death. This makes it very hard for an actor to get his comedy over the footlights. There is more psychology in fun than in tears, for the sector of humor is to write up and play up to a funny situation. A great deal, too, depends upon the courage of a comedian. I always go on the stage like a fighter going into the ring.

Managers are like men who go to see so many prize fights that after a while they think they know how to fight themselves. Convinced in time that he knows all about "art," the manager goes to the theater and referees a rehearsal. He tells the actor how to

act. That's the worst phase of the situation today. If the manager would only stick to business and keep his hands off "art," it would be better for all concerned. Finance and art are twin sisters. But if the theater must be put on a commercial basis, let clever business men do it. But no one can put real art on a commercial basis. A theater must have more than financial backing.

I don't imagine the new National Theater will have much artistic backbone and I certainly can't see its "national" side. If a man is coming over from England to manage our stage, another from Italy to manage our music and still another from France to manage our dancing, it seems to me that we only need Chinese jugglers to make it a truly American theater. You can spend millions in building a beautiful theater, but you must put something in it before it can gain artistic recognition. Now, Tiffany put up a beautiful new building, but he didn't put tin cans in it. He filled it with diamonds and pearls. There are a few little boxes of a theater which are not world goes there to admire and to der. The directors of our "national" theater should go there and see the work of the master hand, or they might learn a thing or two. I don't know what they are going to do, but what I hear is true I'll bet I could put up a tent just outside their theater and with a company of real American actors draw a bigger crowd than the could attract with their beautiful display of fashion and architecture.

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By Henry Miller and J. Hartley Manners.

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BY GERALDINE BONNER AND ELMER B. HARRIS.

PRICES: Matinee, 25c, 50c, 75c \$1.00. Night, 25c, 50c, 75c, \$1.00, \$1.50. Seats now on Sale.

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FLORENCE ROBERTS IN "ZIRA."

Salt Lake Theater, Monday Afternoon and Night.

the club runs Friday evening and Saturday afternoon and evening, leaving only two afternoons in the week that are unoccupied.

Miss Roberts in both plays forms an attraction that country patrons of the house will find a rare enjoyment in witnessing. As most people know, "Zira" is an adaptation of Wilkie Collins' play "The New Magdalen," only that the scene is shifted to South Africa during the Boer war. Miss Roberts' excellent company, which appeared here not many weeks ago, is still with her, and with the conference traffic to draw on, she ought to do good business.

"Dream City," which fills the middle of the week at the Theater, is one of Joe Weber's New York productions, the music being written by Victor Herbert. The opera ran all last season in Weber's theater, New York, and is said to have been one of the most laughable comedy works and one of the biggest pieces from the standpoint of mounting that the season brought forth. A

ing thoroughly instructed the club members, she has given them the benefit of several out-of-town performances, where the rough edges have been rubbed off, prior to city presentations. In all the out-of-town points, especially in Logan, the verdict has been quite enthusiastic.

The play itself is said to be a literary as well as a dramatic gem. It is Shaw in his best element, plainly satirical in regard to human pretence and affectation. Human institutions, particularly marriage, are special objects of banter. But there is an underlying sentiment in it all, and Shaw, through it all, lets us understand that while life is to a great extent a sham, in his eyes yet there is enough seriousness in it to make it worth while.

The cast this year is exceptional. Out of some 40 young men and women, the 10 were chosen with some difficulty, and the University will present its best talent in the coming venture. Mr. H. Leo Marshall, the clever young collegiate amateur, has his last appearance this year in a part which he carries with his customary talent and insight.

now giving a big revival of it at popular prices in the Academy of Music, New York.

Letters from ex-Gov. H. M. Wells to Salt Lake friends tell of a pleasant reunion he and his wife had in Chicago with Mr. and Mrs. Harold Russell last week. It happened that the two companies with which both are playing were billed at different houses in Chicago the same week, and Mr. and Mrs. Wells had the pleasure one night of witnessing Mrs. Russell in the Eleanor Robson company playing Marjorie, and the next night of seeing Mr. Russell enact the role of Phelan in the number one "Man of the Hour" company. After the theater the entire party assembled and had a most enjoyable time. Mr. Wells says that Harold Russell's delineation of Phelan was simply a poem, and he had no previous idea that "Hal" had such a fund of ability as a character comedian.

Flo Irwin, May Boley, Agnes Mahr, Kara, Mr. and Mrs. Franklin Colby, Earl & Wilson, the kinodrome and orchestra, make up a notable week for the Orpheum's next list.

Flo Irwin, supported by Jacques Kruger, presents George Ade's famous sketch, "Mrs. Peckham's Carouse." This is the sketch in which May Irwin scored her greatest success on the vaudeville stage. Miss Irwin has a role in Mrs. Peckham, an elderly lady who lives to regulate other people's morals, which is well suited to her refined and searching comedy methods. The theme revolves around the temperance question.

Next comes May Boley, who achieved such a success here last season with her headline act known as "May Boley and the Dolly Girls." This time she comes in a new sketch which is an elaboration of her saleslady monologue specialty and includes an elaborate costume equipment.

Agnes Mahr, assisted by Floradora, presents the American Tommy Atkins, something decidedly new and entirely out of the ordinary vaudeville turn. Then comes Kara, who is billed as the originator of modern juggling. We have jugglers and jugglers, but it is claimed for this act that it is the model from which all the other modern juggling acts have been patterned.

Something entirely novel and unique is promised by Mr. and Mrs. Franklin Colby, who present their own electrical musical comedy black act.

Earl & Wilson give a comedy sketch entitled, "Fadder-Bill." They have a turn that has made good all along the circuit.

Willie's orchestra has three new selections and the kinodrome will present some fascinating films.

Atodroma of the thrilling, sensational



THE U. U. DRAMATIC CLUB.

Upper Row, Right to Left—D. W. Cummings, Wm. Tallman, Frank E. Holman, R. W. Young, Jr., Benj. F. Howells.

Second Row—Georgia Young, Hazel Turner, Director Maud May Babcock, Charlotte Stewart, Lea Roberts, H. L. Marshall.